



## Side One

### Death On Two Legs (Dedicated to.....)

Written by Freddie Mercury

You suck my blood like a leech  
You break the law and you preach  
Screw my brain 'til it hurts  
You've taken all my money - and you want more

Misguided old mule  
With your pigheaded rules  
With your narrow-minded cronies who are fools of the first division -

Death on two legs -  
You're tearing me apart  
Death on two legs  
You never had a heart of your own -

Kill joy, bad guy,  
Big talking, small fry  
You're just an old barrow-boy  
Have you found a new toy to replace me,  
Can you face me -

But now you can kiss my ass goodbye

Feel good, are you satisfied

Do you feel like suicide (I think you should)  
Is your conscience all right  
Does it plague you at night  
Do you feel good - feel good

Talk like a big business tycoon,  
You're just a hot-air balloon,  
So no one gives you a damn  
You're just an overgrown school-boy  
Let me tan your hide

Dog with disease,  
You're the king of the 'sleaze'  
Put your money where your mouth is Mr. Know-all,  
Was the fin on your back part of the deal... (shark!)

Death on two legs  
You're tearing me apart  
Death on two legs -  
you never had a heart of your own  
(You never did, right from the start)

Insane, you should be put inside,  
You're a sewer-rat decaying in a cesspool of pride  
Should be made unemployed  
Make yourself null-and-void,  
Make me feel good  
I feel good

### Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon

Written by Freddie Mercury

I go out to work on Monday morning  
Tuesday I go off to honeymoon  
I'll be back again before it's time for sunny-down,  
I'll be lazing on a Sunday afternoon  
Bicycling on every Wednesday evening  
Thursday I go waltzing to the zoo  
I come from London town, I'm just an ordinary guy,  
Fridays I go painting in the Louvre  
I'm bound to be proposing on a Saturday night  
(There he goes again)  
I'll be lazing on a Sunday,  
    lazing on a Sunday  
    lazing on a Sunday afternoon

### I'm In Love With My Car

Written by Roger Taylor  
(Dedicated to Johnathan Harris, boy racer to the end)

The machine of a dream, such a clean machine,  
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.  
When I'm holding your wheel,

All I hear is your gear,  
With my hand's on your grease gun,  
Oh it's like a disease son,  
I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,

Get a grip on my boy racer rollbar,  
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

Told my girl I'd have to forget her,  
Rather buy me a new carburettor,  
So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now,  
Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends now,

When I'm holding your wheel,  
All I hear is your gear,  
When I'm cruisin' in overdrive,  
Don't have to listen to no run of the mill talk jive,

I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,  
I'm in love with my car, string back gloves in my automolove!

Vocal - Roger Taylor

### You're My Best Friend

Written by John Deacon

Ooo, you make me live  
Whatever this world can give to me  
It's you, you're all I see  
Ooo, you make me live now honey  
Ooo, you make me live

You're the best friend  
that I ever had  
I've been with you such a long time  
You're my sunshine  
And I want you to know  
That my feelings are true  
I really love you  
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live

I've been wandering round  
But I still come back to you  
In rain or shine  
You've stood by me girl  
I'm happy, happy at home  
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live  
Whenever this world is cruel to me  
I got you, to help me forgive  
Ooo, you make me live now honey  
Ooo, you make me live

You're the first one  
When things turn out bad  
You know I'll never be lonely  
You're my only one  
And I love the things  
I really love the things that you do  
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live

I'm happy, happy at home  
You're my best friend  
You're my best friend  
Ooo, you make me live  
You, you're my best friend

Electric Piano - John Deacon

### '39

Written by Brian May

In the year of '39 assembled here the Volunteers  
In the days when lands were few  
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn  
The sweetest sign ever seen.

And the night followed day  
And the story tellers say  
That the score brave souls inside  
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas  
Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
Write your letters in the sand  
For the day I take your hand  
In the land that our grandchildren knew

In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue  
The Volunteers came home that day  
And they bring good news of a world so newly born  
Though their hearts so heavily weigh  
For the earth is old and grey, little darling we'll away  
But my love this cannot be

For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year  
Your mother's eyes from your eyes cry to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
Write Your letters in the sand  
for the day I take your hand  
in the land that our grandchildren knew

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand

For my life  
Still ahead  
Pity Me.

Vocal - Brian May  
Double Bass - John Deacon

### Sweet Lady

Written by Brian May

You call me up and treat me like a dog  
You call me up and tear me up inside  
You've got me on a lead  
You bring me down  
You shout around  
You don't believe that I'm alone

Sweet lady  
Sweet lady  
Sweet lady... Stay sweet.

You say  
"You call me up and feed me all the lines  
"You call me sweet like I'm some kind of cheese  
"Waiting on the shelf  
"You eat me up  
"You hold me down  
"I'm just a fool to make you a home"

And you say  
"Sweet lady  
"Sweet lady... Stay sweet"

My sweet lady  
Though it seems like we wait forever  
Stay sweet baby  
Believe and we've got everything we need.

### Seaside Rendezvous

Written by Freddie Mercury

Seaside - whenever you stroll along with me  
I'm merely contemplating what you feel inside  
Meanwhile I ask you to be my Clementine -  
You say you will if you could but can't -  
I love you madly -  
Let my imagination run away with you gladly -  
A brand new angle - highly commendable -  
Seaside Rendezvous -

I feel so romantic - can we do it again  
Can we do it again sometime,  
Fantastic, c'est la vie mesdames et messieurs,  
And at the peak of the season,  
the Mediterranean -  
this time of year, it's so fashionable,  
I feel like dancing - in the rain,  
Can I have a volunteer -  
Just keep right on dancing - what a damn jolly good idea -  
It's such a jollification - as a matter of fact,  
So très charmant my dear -

Underneath the moonlight -  
Together we'll sail across the sea -  
Reminiscing every night  
Meantime - I ask you to be my valentine  
You say you'd have to tell your daddy if you can  
I'll be your Valentino -  
We'll ride upon an omnibus and then the casino -  
Get a new facial - start a sensation -

Seaside Rendezvous - so adorable,  
Seaside Rendezvous -  
Seaside Rendezvous -

Vocal Orchestration of Brass - Roger Taylor  
Vocal Orchestration of Woodwind - Freddie Mercury

## The Prophet's Song

Written by Brian May

Oh oh people of the earth  
Listen to the warning  
The seer he said  
Beware the storm that gathers here  
Listen to the wise man.

I dreamed I saw on a moonlit stair  
Spreading his hands on the multitude there  
A man who cried for a love gone stale  
And ice cold hearts of charity bare.  
I watched as fear took the old men's gaze  
Hopes of the young in troubled graves  
I see no day, I heard him say  
So grey is the face of every mortal.

Oh oh people of the earth  
Listen to the warning  
The prophet he said  
For soon the cold of night will fall  
Summoned by your own hand.

Oh oh children of the land  
Quicken to the new life  
Take my hand  
Fly and find the new green bough  
Return like the white dove.

He told of death as a bone white haze  
Taking the lost and the unloved babe  
Late too late all the wretches run  
These kings of beasts now counting their days.  
From mother's love is the son estranged  
Married his own his precious gain  
The earth will shake in two will break  
And death all around will be your dow'ry

Oh oh people of the earth  
Listen to the warning the seer he said  
For those who hear and mark my words  
Listen to the good plan.

Oh oh – and two by two my human zoo  
They'll be  
running for to come  
running for to come  
out of the rain

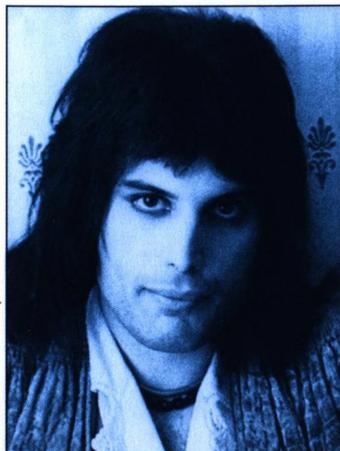
Flee for your life  
Who heed me not, let all your treasure make you  
Fear for your life  
Deceive you not the fires of hell will take you  
Should death await you.

God give you grace to purge this place  
And peace all around may be your fortune.

Oh oh children of the land  
Love is still the answer, take my hand  
The vision fades, a voice I hear  
"Listen to the Madman!"

But still I fear and still I dare not  
Laugh at the Madman.

Toy Koto – Brian May



## Love Of My Life

Written by Freddie Mercury

Love of my life – you've hurt me,  
You've broken my heart and now you leave me,  
Love of my life can't you see,  
Bring it back, bring it back,  
Don't take it away from me, because you don't know –  
what it means to me.

Love of my life don't leave me,  
You've taken my love, you now desert me,  
Love of my life can't you see,  
Bring it back, bring it back,  
Don't take it away from me, because you don't know –  
What it means to me.

You will remember –  
When this is blown over  
And everything's all by the way –  
When I grow older  
I will be there at your side to remind you  
how I still love you – still love you.

Back – hurry back,  
Please bring it back home to me,  
because you don't know what it means to me –  
Love of my life  
Love of my life...

Harp – Brian May

## Good Company

Written by Brian May

Take good care of what you've got  
My father said to me  
As he puffed his pipe and Baby B.  
He dandled on his knee  
Don't fool with fools who'll turn away  
Keep all Good Company  
Oo Hoo Oo Hoo  
Take care of those you call your own  
And keep Good Company.

Soon I grew and happy too  
My very good friends and me  
We'd play all day with Sally J.  
The girl from number four  
And very soon I begged her won't you  
Keep me Company  
Oo Hoo Oo Hoo  
Come marry me for evermore we'll  
Be Good Company.

Now marriage is an institution sure  
My wife and I our needs and nothing more  
All my friends by a year  
By and by disappeared  
But we're safe enough behind our door.

I flourished in my humble trade  
My reputation grew  
The work devoured my waking hours  
But when my time was through  
Reward of all my efforts my own  
Limited Company

I hardly noticed Sally as we  
Parted Company  
All through the years in the end it appears  
There was never really anyone but me

### Cast

Freddie Mercury: vocals, vocals, Bechstein Debauchery and more vocals.  
Brian May: guitars and orchestral backdrops.  
Roger Taylor: percussion.  
John Deacon: electric bass.

Recorded at Sarm, Roundhouse, Olympic,  
Rockfield, Scorpio, Trident and Lansdowne  
Mixed at Sarm Studios  
Invaluable additional engineering - Gary Lyons  
Equipment supervision - John Harris  
Art Direction - David Costa  
Special thanks to Rick Curtin & Brian Palmer  
Management (1975) - John Reid  
Current Queen Management - Jim Beach and Matilda Beach

No Synthesisers!

Original sound recordings made by Queen in 1974 - 1975

Now I'm old I puff my pipe  
But no-one's there to see  
I ponder on the lesson of  
My life's insanity  
Take care of those you call your own  
And keep Good Company.

Vocals – Brian May  
Genuine Aloha Ukelele (made in Japan) – Brian May  
Guitar Jazz Band – Brian May

## Bohemian Rhapsody

Written by Freddie Mercury

Is this the real life –  
Is this just fantasy –  
Caught in a landslide –  
No escape from reality –  
Open your eyes  
Look up to the skies and see –  
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy –  
Because I'm easy come, easy go,  
A little high, little low,  
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me,  
– to me –

Mama, just killed a man,  
Put a gun against his head,  
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead,  
Mama, life had just begun,  
But now I've gone and thrown it all away –  
Mama, ooo,  
Didn't mean to make you cry –  
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow –  
Carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters –

Too late, my time has come,  
Sends shivers down my spine –  
Body's aching all the time,  
Goodbye everybody – I've got to go –  
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth –  
Mama, ooo –  
I don't want to die,  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all –

I see a little silhouette of a man  
Scaramouche, Scaramouche – will you do the Fandango –  
Thunderbolt and lightning – very very frightening me –  
Galileo, Galileo,  
Galileo, Galileo,  
Galileo figaro – Magnifico –  
I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me –  
He's just a poor boy from a poor family –  
Spare him his life from this monstrosity –  
Easy come easy go – will you let me go –  
Bismillah! No – we will not let you go – let him go –  
Bismillah! We will not let you go – let him go  
Bismillah! We will not let you go – let him go  
Will not let you go – let me go  
Will not let you go – let me go  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no –  
Mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go –  
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me –  
for me –

So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye –  
So you think you can love me and leave me to die –  
Oh baby – Can't do this to me baby –  
Just gotta get out – just gotta get right outta here –

Nothing really matters,  
Anyone can see,  
Nothing really matters – nothing really matters to me,  
Anyway the wind blows...

Operatic Vocals – Roger, Brian and Freddie

